

OUR JUVENILES.

The Careless Boy.

Lost! a funny little fellow,
Checks of red and hair of yellow,
Send a cry through the town,
Cry him all day, up and down!
These the features in the case;
He never put things in their place.
He threw his hat upon the floor;
He hung his jacket on the door;
His books—but all his faults why tell?
The consequence we know too well.
Let any one do just as he did,
Then find the article that's needed.
Vexation followed him each day,
Because of this untidy way.
The birds twitted him, in song,
And chirruped as he came along:
"You're a queer, untidy blade!
Eggs of ours are not mislaid,
How would we fall in disgrace
If our nest we should misplace?"
Flowers and leaves upon the tree
Whispered: "Look, how orderly!
Method see at every turn."
Spite of this, he would not learn,
Thus from bad to worse he passed—
He mislaid himself at last.
Lost! a funny little fellow,
Checks of red and hair of yellow,
No doubt he's on some high shelf,
Where he has forgot himself!

Mrs. Headache.

I was taking a walk lately in a town which I sometimes visit, when I came suddenly upon a strange-looking little house, with narrow windows, in front of which were standing a crowd of queer looking creatures, with very small bodies, big heads and mouths, and long, ugly arms.

"What can they be?" I wondered. "Perhaps elves or fairies."

I had read about elves and fairies, and knew that fairies are always very pretty, and very nicely dressed in what we would call evening dresses, but that elves are awkward and ugly, as well as poorly clothed. But these little fellows had very nice clothes on, all made of scarlet cloth. What and who could they be? So I stood looking at them till the tallest one among them, by mounting on the shoulders of another, rang the bell. Very soon a little fellow, just like them, opened the door, and in they rushed. It was evidently their home. Before the little porter could shut the door I pushed in after them. I think now it was rather a rude thing to do under the circumstances; besides, if they had been elves they might have changed me instantly into a white mouse, or a rose-bush, or a brass door-knocker, and I might never have recovered my own shape to this day. But, without stopping to think of this, I went in. The little porter ushered me into a little parlor, where everything was very small. Here, at a table covered with books and papers, sat a little old woman, dressed in bright green, and wearing spectacles.

She bowed her head. I bowed mine. Then I began to make an awkward sort of apology for the way in which I was behaving; but the lady of the house stopped me by saying:

"Make no apologies. I am Mrs. Headache."

"Mrs. Headache!" I repeated.

"Yes; Mrs. Headache."

"Poor creature!" thought I to myself. "I wonder if she has a headache every day."

She really seemed to understand my thoughts, for she answered very quickly: "No, I have no headaches myself, in your sense of the word, but I have control of all the headaches among children in this part of the world. These are my sons. Look!" And I looked and saw innumerable little fellows, all busy,—some hurrying out, some hurrying home, some waiting for orders. Mrs. Headache turned to her pile of books.

"Here," said she, "I have been writing all that they are to do to-day. Number 496!"

Number 496 came in at once.

"I want you," said his active little mother, "to take thirty-five of your brothers and go to the party in Grand street this evening. There is to be a fine supper set out, and a great deal of gas lighted, and a great deal of heat. The children are to stay very late, and one of you will be needed to go home with every child, and remain with it all day to-morrow."

"Will they show themselves to the company?" I asked.

"No; my children will be invisible; but they will use their fists well, to pound and hammer the heads of those young guests to-morrow."

"How dreadful!"

"Not dreadful at all. Those children are all disobeying the rules of Health, which are very simple. I send my little ones to them, not as a punishment, but as a warning. I heard of a children's party yesterday in the open air. They all went home and to bed early. I sent no headaches there."

More little fellows came in for orders. She sent them away in crowds. Some went to children who would play in the hot sun; some, to some little boys who made themselves very dizzy sliding down the banisters; some, to children who spent a great deal of their pocket-money

in colored sweet things which looked like pink and yellow eggs.

"Do you think, then, that children should never eat good things, Mrs. Headache, nor play much, nor run?"

"By no means. I want them to play and run. I want them to eat good things, but not such good things, or rather *bad* things, as pink and yellow and purple sugar-plums. I must send them my warnings if they will not obey the rules of Health. Some of them sit up a great deal too late; some walk a great deal too much; others not half enough. Some study too hard—pore over their lessons when they ought to be playing. Oh, I have a great deal to do, I can tell you, but I can always wait upon you, ma'am, if you want me. Just let me know."

"By mail?" I inquired.

"No; by my telegraph. Sit in a very hot room, or eat anything you know to be bad for you, or sleep with your windows shut down, and there are many ways to summon me, and I will attend to the call at once, and let you have any number of my most active children to try their fists on the tenderest part of your head."

I thanked Mrs. Headache, and went home just as fast I could.—*St. Nicholas for June.*

Little Johnny's Anecdotes.

Kittens is born blind, but babies is fetched to the house by the doctor, and that's why I say dogs is the king of beasts. My pater buke says lions is, but where is their crowns. Ide like for to no? Towser, that's the dog that died, he was always for puttin his fore feet up on the winder and lookin out. So one day me and Uncle Ned we took the lookin glass off my motheres dressin table and hung it on the fastner wich keeps the bungler's from gittin in the winder. Then we let Towser into the room, and he walked strait to the winder, and raired up to see wat kind of a day the weather was, and wen that dog he see hisself in the glas he give a fritefle groul and hooked it out into the passage like he wude rip up the carpet with his tose, and a knockin over Mary, that's the house made, a feelin in the cole scuttle, wich sreeked dredfle, wile Towser he tride to open the strete door his own self. Uncle Ned he hollered let him out, Johnny, let him out, fare pla is a jule, and may the bes dog win! So wen I had got the dore open jest a little tiny bit, Towser he squeeze threw and ran to the winder outside, with his teeth all a showin, and his hair strait up, you never seen sech a desprit lookin dog! Jest then there was a other dog a goin by, wich was a tramp, and it was so ugly and mangy, and mean lookin that there wasent never sech a dog livd cept thatn. But the minit Towser he see him he give a yellup. Towser did, like sayin that's him, and went and caught him by the ear. But the other dog it licked him so crewel he was sick a week!

One time in Messico, were the dogs dont have no hair onto em, a travler he called his man and said James, cos that was his mans name, I me a goin to a dopt the fashion of the country, you take my dog and shave him smooth, every little bit of hair of, and be quick a bout it, cos I want to take him with me wen I go for a week down town. But James was a frade to shave the dog, so he swopt him of to a man wich was a goin by, and got a natif dog, same size, and after a wile took that dog to his master and the travler he said wot a difrence it makes, wyl, he looks almoce like a other dog. Pretty sune the travler he wocked down town, mity proud of his fashionabe dog wich James led with a string. Bimeby they come to a man a settin by a open dore, hollerin wock up, gentlemen, wock up, only five shillins to see the sho, and wen the new dog herd the man it broke a way, and whaggled its tail, and jumped rite on the man wich was a hollerin wock up. The man he said, O, O, yure sabbage dog has bit me, and I got a big family to suport! Then the travler he turned to James and said take the dog a way, shavin has spoiled his temper, and James tike it a way but grinned.

Wen thay was gon, James and the dog, the travler he said to the man wich had got the big family, here is a sovring for you, my good feller, dont cri, wot have you got in yure sho? And the man he said wock in and see, Sir, you are on the free list, cos you have pade me for yure sabbage dog worryin' me. So the travler he went in the sho, and there he sees his own dog in a cage, wich he had brot up from a puppy, and there was a card on the cage, and the card it said in big letters the Wunfle Canine Mirrickle, zibited fore the Queen of England and all the prinsippel Nabobs, first fetched from Jappan in 2 ships by the Emprer Napolian, the only dog in the world wich has got hair onto it.

There was a feller a ridin a donkey, and evry little wile it wude stop stone still, the donky wude, and bray like it

wude tair its head of. The feller he stude it a long wile, then he said to the donky for goodness sake dont trie for to be 2 nunsances at once, you got to ether trot a long and sing as you go, or else you must stan still oltogether and hole your tung, Ime a long way from home and my wife is a layin at the pint of dyin, and nite is a coming on, and I aint had my supper, but tween you and me I dont care wich plan you a dopt.

POWER OF HABIT.

"It is a habit of mine," many people say, in excuse for any peculiarity or custom. This class is very numerous, and belong to such inferior characters that they are often found tripping. If an occasion present itself when the doing of the "habit" is inconvenient, straight-way they ignore it altogether. Again, some people will stick to their habit, right or wrong, convenient or inconvenient, and of course punish themselves by so doing. It not seldom happens that they will obstinately persist in doing a deed that everything on earth—perhaps even in heaven—rises in phalanx after phalanx to thwart and prevent. Such people need to be reminded of a higher power than their own will. Almost invariably they are forsworn, and suffer bitterly from the fulfillment. Then there are people who have ridiculous habits—most innocent and most laughable. Such was the case of a gentleman who went in our nursery by the name of Mr. Tiddydol. He gained this name because he invariably ended every sentence with the unmeaning and ridiculous word "Tiddydol." Even those who were accustomed to him could hardly help smiling—so incessant was his use of the word, so unconscious was Mr. Tiddydol of ever saying it. An instance of a similar habit occurred in the case of an old Welsh clergyman, who had a fashion of interlarding each sentence with the phrase, "Complete and do it." Such peculiar habits are of course very rare, and therefore worthy of special notice. Some people get into the habit of so ruling their lives that they are quite put out, bodily and mentally, if there is the least failure in the fulfillment of this routine. These are slaves to their habits, and do not in the end derive as much comfort as they expect from them, because they are certain to jostle against some one else equally a slave to his habits, and one or the other must give way. It is a very agreeable thing to meet with a person who says, with hearty self-satisfaction, "It is my habit to be punctual." You feel at once that you know the man; he is punctual to a proverb; and having no vexatious worry as to being late, his digestion is good, his heart cheery, his mind free to take in any idea, and he is always an agreeable and genial companion. So is the man who says, "Tis my habit never to owe a bill." Happy man! his pillow is always of down, his sleep sweet and refreshing, his thoughts of his neighbor large and kindly, his devotion to God pure, and always beginning with praise.

QUEENS OF TRAGEDY.

Ristori and Mrs. Lander were breakfasted at Chicago by the Ladies' Fortnightly Club of that city. The wine bottles were removed as "hardly appropriate." The most important thing is to tell how the great ladies in the case dressed. This is done for the Chicago *Tribune* as follows:

"Mme. Ristori and Mrs. Lander were arrayed in black. Mme. Ristori's heavy silk was overlaid with crepe and lines of jet. The glitter from all parts of her costume, the flowing sleeves, and, above all, her unique pansy hat, added to her extremely distingue appearance. Her hat was a mass of pannels of the real royal purple tint, and it seemed very appropriate that the kingly color should blossom in flowers on her noble head. The crepe she wears is a badge of mourning for her dead mother and brother, but the glistening jet and the regal crown seemed a natural outgrowth of the shining, brilliant magnetism that belongs to this wonderful woman. Mrs. Lander was attired in black silk also, with jet trimmings, but her dress, which fitted her form tightly, and was made plainly to her throat and waist, suited the more womanly, less public air of the wearer. Her hair was put back simply in a knot, and branches of coral, in ear-rings and brooch, gave the only color to her costume. Her manner was very affable, and her enthusiasm over Mme. Ristori was as generous as it was beautiful."

"Going to leave, Mary?" "Yes, mum; I find I am very discontented." "If there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable, let me know." "No, mum, it's impossible. You can't alter your figger no more'n I can. Your dresses won't fit me, and I can't appear on Sundays as I used to at my last place, where missus fitted zactly."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Rakings.

It is estimated that a flock of 1,000 sheep folded on one acre of land, will thoroughly manure it in two nights; or, in round numbers, 180 acres of land will be so thoroughly manured in one year as to produce one bale of cotton to the acre.

THE trimming of box-edging should now be attended to if it has not already been. It should be trimmed to a point, and not be cut below last year's growth, but as nearly to it as possible. No one who thus trims box-edging will ever go back to the square cut-off, which almost invariably results in a dead center the whole season.

DISAPPOINTMENT often results from sowing or planting garden seeds that are too old to germinate. Whenever seeds are gathered they should be labelled and dated. If properly gathered and preserved, beans will retain vitality 2 years; beets, 7; cabbage, 4; carrot, 2; sweet corn, 2; cucumber, 10; lettuce, 3; melon, 10; onion, 1; parsnip, 1; peas, 2; radish, 3; squash, 10; tomato, 7; turnip, 4.

FOREST-GROWING, it is satisfactory to know, is taking a pretty firm foothold in the old States, the necessity of which we can no longer ignore. The most recent instance is the purchase by Messrs. David Landreth & Son, of several thousand acres of land in Virginia, which is now being planted with the seeds of the black and white walnut, hickory, chestnut, locust, catalpa and other valuable woods.

In sections where much grain is raised and but little stock kept, soiling becomes practical at once for the following reasons, which are admitted by all who have tried the system: It saves much land, about three-fourths, while some claim a still greater area is saved. This is being demonstrated continually in the older parts of our country. Lands pastured do not yield near as much feed per acre, and much of what is produced is destroyed by the tramping of hoofs and fouling of the stock.

THE New York Butter and Cheese Exchange have made a careful and scientific experiment as to the best salt for preserving butter. Ten different qualities were tried, among them the imported salts. They finally decided that the Ashton was no better than the Syracuse, and that it did not depend on the kind of salt, but the quality. The pure chloride of sodium, no matter where from, was equally good in preserving butter. With this decision, however, it will not do to use impure salt, containing chlorides of calcium and magnesium, which is in most of the salt of commerce.

THE *Country Gentleman* says of "the best and safest plan of feeding both for heifer and calf, just before the heifer drops her calf": "If there is no danger of undue distention of the udder from the secretion of too much milk previous to calving, a feed of a half peck of roots, two quarts of wheat bran, and one or two quarts of corn meal per diem, in addition to all the good, early cut hay she will eat, will be a safe and proper feed for a few days previous to her dropping the calf. The bran and roots will keep the digestive organs in a healthy condition, and the hay and meal will keep up the animal's strength and flesh. After the calf is a week old the corn meal should be increased, and if the cow is to be kept for milk as well as breeding, the bran and roots should also be increased. A pound or two per diem of oil meal is also excellent. The cow should have, at all times, all the healthy, suitable food she can be made to eat."

Domestic Economy.

TO EACH bowl of starch, before boiling, add a teaspoonful of Epsom salts. Articles prepared with this will be stiffer, and in a measure fire-proof.

WHEN an iron poker becomes softened by long usage, it can be hardened by heating it to a redness and plunging it several times into a pail of cold water.

GINGER CRACKLES.—One pint of molasses, a half pound of butter, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves, and one of ginger, flour to make a stiff paste; roll thin, cut in squares or strips, and bake in a quick oven.

IF possible buy an oil-cloth which has been made for several years, as the longer it has lain unwashed the better it will wear, as the paint will harden. Never scrub. Sweep with a soft hair brush, and wash with a soft cloth dipped in milk and water. Don't use soap. Rub dry with a handful of rags.

HAM CAKE.—A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham and making an excellent dish for breakfast is: Take a pound and a half of ham, fat and lean together; put into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage machine; boil a large slice of bread in half a pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together; add an egg beaten up. Put the whole into a mold and bake a rich brown.

RICE PUDDING.—In a six-quart pudding pan put one and a half teaspoonfuls of rice, not boiled; add two eggs beaten with one cup of sugar, a little salt and nutmeg; add one cup of raisins; fill the pan with milk; set in the oven; bake two hours. It will need stirring twice after it begins to bake. Both these puddings are to be eaten with butter.

MUSH-MAKING.—When ready for mush-making, dip out a pint of the boiling water into a pan; add half a pint of cold water. Now stir meal into this until it is about as thick as good, sweet cream. Stir it well, then pour it into the kettle of boiling water; salt it to your taste. Stir this well until it boils thoroughly, then add meal until the proper thickness is obtained, and cook it well. This boiling followed, you will never have lumpy mush, as is frequently the case.

TO DISTINGUISH young from old fowls when dressed, the *Mirror and Farmer* gives the following directions: The rear end of the breast bone in a chicken is soft, a gristle, which, as the fowl grows older, hardens into solid bone; by pressing inward upon this bone it can readily be ascertained whether the fowl has been wintered or not, as it will easily bend in a chicken, but cannot be bent in an old fowl. All edible birds, when young, have the lower part of the legs, the feet, and the under part of the feet soft, but as the fowl matures these become hard and rough.

THE WICKEDEST BOY.

The youth of Missouri are apparently very precocious, as shown by the following correspondence of the *Sedalia Democrat*: "Pomeroy Beeding, a son of Mr. E. L. Beeding, living in Cambridge, Mo., was detected last Wednesday in an attempt to murder his father, mother, and brother-in-law. Mr. Beeding is one of the wealthiest and most popular men in the State, and being desirous of giving his son a good education, sent him to Fayette, Mo., a small place, where he thought he would not get the opportunity of practicing his accustomed rascality. After Pomeroy had been there for a few weeks his father went to visit him, and found that he had gotten deeply in debt, and was engaged to be married to a young lady who had broken off an engagement for that purpose. Mr. Beeding, thinking this was the wrong life for a school-boy to lead, took him home. The boy wished to marry, but he had no money, and had no means of getting any, and he was not of age; so he decided to kill his father, mother, and brother-in-law, who constituted the family. To do this he tried to get Mr. Stanton, a man of not the best reputation, to assist him. He told Mr. Stanton he would give him \$1,500 for the job, saying he could get a man in St. Louis for \$500, but was afraid the St. Louis man would kill the wrong persons. Mr. Stanton told Pomeroy to meet him in a log-house on a certain night, and they would proceed from there to commit the deed. Mr. Stanton had no idea of keeping his promise, but told Mr. Beeding of his son's designs. Thinking that the father would not believe him, Mr. Stanton got two men to accompany him to the log-house as witnesses. After they had arrived there Pomeroy commenced telling Stanton the details of the work. Just then the men from underneath came in, grabbed him, and took him to his father. Mr. Beeding had him horse-whipped, gave him a draft for \$50, and discarded him. Pomeroy went to Glasgow, got his draft paid, sent for his trunk, and went to St. Louis, since which time nothing has been heard from him."

"GRASS WIDOW."

Judge Turple has been reading a paper to the "Fiat Lux" Society on the origin of the phrase "grass widow," or "grace widow," for the first has no foundation, in fact, and is simply a barbarism, or fungus, which has attached itself to the English language. "Grace widow" is the term of one who becomes a widow by grace of favor, not of necessity, as by death, and originated in the early ages of European civilization, when divorcees were granted but seldom and wholly by authority of the Catholic Church. When such decree was granted to a woman the Papal intercept stated "Vidua de gratia," which interpreted is "widow of grace." In the law of the French it would read, "Veuve de grace," which in English gives "widow of grace," or "grace widow," "veuve" being translated as "widow."

Indianapolis News.

THE monthly-payment system in the matter of sewing machines has received a set-back in the New York courts, it having been decided that a woman who has nearly paid for her sewing machine in that way has rights that the company is bound to respect, and cannot be deprived of her machine and all she has paid upon it by a little delay on her part in meeting the claims against her.